

Mrs. DeForest Ward, (M) 4-33  
1803 Montecito



# CALIFORNIA GARDEN

## ... In This Number ...

The Wild Flower Sanctuary as a Conservation Measure  
By Lester Rowntree

Botanic Gardens of Southern California By Peter D. Barnhart  
Native Plants That May Be Watered By K. O. Sessions

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OCTOBER 1932

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# The California Garden

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Vol. 24

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1932

No. 4

## The Wild Flower Sanctuary As A Conservation Measure

Have you ever noticed that our conservation meetings are composed (as is often the case with enthusiastic reformers) only of people who, being zealous in good works, do not especially need the forcibly convincing arguments that are put forth? We all agree that our wild flowers are decreasing, beat our breasts a bit over it, insist that something must be done—and go home. Something, of course, has been done—but does it work? If conservation is not enforced it defeats its own end. Therefore it behooves us to go cautiously. To see that sentiment does not lead us to thoughtless action. For the process of conservation must be deliberate, sane, and sure. There should be no jumping at conclusions. The whole problem should be treated in an impersonally broad and abstract manner. The time has come, not only to acknowledge the situation but to search deeply for its real cause or causes. Whatever is done should be the result of study on the part of those best qualified to know the true conditions.

Most conservationists agree that real results come from education rather than compulsion. But while the school children (and their parents) are learning the lessons of conservation, other and destructive forces are at work — forces which it seems beyond our power to control. I, for one, do not believe that flower picking has bereft us of blooms. Was it picking that took the Altadena poppy fields from us? Twenty years ago an army could have made no impression on them. And the maidenhair fern-covered fields of South Pasadena? Was it picking that destroyed them? Picking did not rob the Sierra foothills of their larkspur stands nor make the composites disappear from among the sage along the San Joaquin Valley roads. Time and time again I have been to places which few tourists could reach and to which

few others cared to go. And the flowers in these places are nevertheless decreasing.

There is no doubt, that in certain places wild flower picking should be restricted. Beside the highways, along canyon trails, and in any place where people flock together or pass in numbers.

We all know that one of the most characteristic attributes of our native California flora is its diversity. We have the desert flora, the alpine flora, the coastal, the Redwood, the foothill and the valley floras. Each is distinct and altogether desirable. There will probably always be remote spots on the deserts and in the high mountains where the wild flowers will still have a chance. It is the coastal and foothill and valley plants that are in danger of extinction.

When I watch the perilous pitfalls that lie in their paths it is a constant marvel to me that we have any wild flowers at all in these regions. But while we are bemoaning the way of the flower snatcher and laying down laws which are not obeyed, four insidious forces are operating every day, ordinary forces which have long been at work, and we are so used to them that we take them as a matter of course. Unfortunately they are forces which we, as conservationists, cannot control—and two of them which we might not want to if we could. I mean the destruction of our native plants by (1) real estate developments, (2) cattle grazing, (3) agricultural cultivation, (4) the introduction of foreign plant material for forage.

These things evidently must be. We cannot have our foothill poppy fields and our foothill communities too. We need the cows and sheep that roam the hillsides (and denude them). We must have the green peas from the fields once blue with *Phacelia viscida* and the lettuce from

the acres which were gay with calandrinia, annual lupin and cream-cups. And because the cattle came, the filaree, the bromus and other weeds followed and we cannot stem the tide of their overpowering onslaught which beats back the native flowers before it.

The advantages of our modernity, of our present day conveniences, are bought with a price. Straight, unpicturesque highways are made necessary by speed; soft chaparral-covered hillsides are scarred and bitten by the steam shovel to make space for more homes; ocean bluffs and sands are disfigured by a continuous array of summer shacks.

We cannot eat our cake and have it. But we can do this. Now that the cake is well nigh consumed, we can collect the crumbs and with them build up little cakes. Cakes that can never be sold or eaten and that we can always have.

We can preserve certain beauty spots and into them gather the native plants of their particular environment which are in danger of being destroyed.

I believe the wild flower refuge to be our only way out. It can be done and if we are to save some of our choicest endemic plants it *must* be done.

It should not be very hard. The clubs could unite with the city fathers, or perhaps with the county dignitaries, procure a bit of land within easy reach of the town or towns, and where (and this is important) the contours are natural and characteristic. Land which has the local atmosphere—the flavor of the district. It need not be developed all at once. "To have and to hold" is the idea. (But at all hazards it should be protected from the groups who will be sure to want to turn it into a "park," which breeds hot dog stands and barbecues, that for some reason native plants don't seem to care for!)

Then when a choice subdivision suddenly develops in the neighborhood and the little triangular flags flap over an especially fine patch of dwarf manzanita, a rare endemic ceanothus or a good stand of dudleya, and the other attendant omens appear, some one can run hastily and with pick and shovel rescue the doomed plants and hurry them to their sanctuary. Later, when the realtors (or the cattle, or the cultivators) have done their worst, and all the messy natural growth is cleared away, you can take the visiting foreign naturalist, show him the refuge, and pointing with pride to the rare plant he has come miles to see, you can say "This once covered acres. I saved it from total destruction."

Blakesley Garden at Santa Barbara is the only

thing of the sort we have here on the coast. Although it is not a wild flower refuge it comes near to it in its effort to protect the most beautiful species of our native flora and to create appreciation for it.

One of the interesting things about these future refuges is that each will be distinctive. That of the seaside town will have its sand verbenas and oenotheras or its beach asters and thrifts. The one at the desert's edge will repeat the beauty of the sandy stretches. The foothill city will have its *Carpenteria californica* and *Fremontias*, growing on slopes covered with blue or golden brodiaeas. The Redwood refuge will shelter the red clintonia and the creeping *Viola sargentosa*. And the one in the valley will be full of the flowers which were once so abundant and which are now so hard to find.

These common and once familiar species should be massed in such quantities that children could have the privilege of picking the blooms. A classroom full of children cannot do half the harm of one steam shovel, and the gathering of flowers is an inalienable right and joy of childhood.

Heaven speed the day of the wild flower refuges!

LESTER ROWNTREE,  
Carmel, California.

### BOTANIC GARDENS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

There is but one that is built on a foundation that will survive the corroding tooth of time, because it has an endowment sufficient to maintain it in first class condition during the years that lie ahead. Fortunately, I repeat fortunately, the superintendent is a lover of plant life, and a man of rare business ability, whose administration of the institution has brought it to a degree of perfection seldom found in such institutions. There is none such in all the land between the two seas that have come under my observation. It is of the Huntington Botanic Garden that I write, and of William Hertrich, the superintendent.

There are five others which have been created, and are maintained by lovers of plant life purely for the pleasure they get out of the avocation, and the delight that flows from creating happiness in the heart and mind of other garden lovers.

A botanic garden is an expensive plaything and usually disappears when the owner thereof "crosses the bar." I shall begin the review of these gardens with that of Miss Kate Sessions of Pacific Beach, since she is the Dean of the



Garden Clan of this southland. Located on a hilltop where "air drainage" creates climatic conditions conducive to the growth of vegetation that would perish from cold in the lowland. Then, too, its proximity to the sea, the atmosphere is laden with moisture to such an extent that many semi-tropical plants are grown successfully.

The next one I have in mind is that of Hugh Evans of Santa Monica, and the next is that of Stephen Vavra, located on the hills of Bell-Air. Which of the two has the greatest number of species and varieties is a puzzle to me. Certainly, in these two gardens, may be found a greater collection than anywhere else on this coast. The Wernigk garden, founded seven years ago, is unique because it contains fruit trees in great variety, and an amazing number of rare things, too\*.

The latest addition to the list of these gardens is that of R. W. Poindexter of Long Beach. It was founded four years ago, and contains the greatest collection of South Africa (*Asclepiadaceae*) that I have yet seen. Especially rich is it in the *Stapelia* tribe. Now Poindexter is a canna enthusiast; a breeder of the plant which is so spectacular when in flower. One variety originating with him is so gorgeously beautiful that when he has stock enough to put it on the market it should find favor with all lovers of the beautiful. The flowers are not large, but oh, the color: a peculiar shade of yellow.

Each one of these gardens reflects the personality of its owner. No two of them alike; meccas for the student of plant life who may not be able to visit the haunts of the subjects growing in them. Anyway it would take a mint of money and a lifetime of travel to visit the habitat of all of them. Furthermore, they are open to the student, but closed to the traveller who goes about the world to see "the points of interest" it contains. Such people are a nuisance, and never see anything no matter how widely they travel.

\*A catalog of this garden has been compiled, and a collection of seeds of about 100 species of plants is part and parcel of the garden.

PETER D. BARNHART.

## NATIVE PLANTS THAT MAY BE WATERED

By K. O. Sessions

Most of our native shrubs demand a dry summer and fall and enjoy a wet winter as proven by the fine growth this past winter and spring.

There are four, however, that will stand watering to a reasonable amount and respond to such care during the dry season. They are the *Rhus integrifolia* or lemonade berry shrub, the *Prunus ilicifolia* or wild cherry, and the *Prunus integrifolia* or the native cherry of Catalina Islands, a real tree, also *Heteromeles arbutifolia* or our native Christmas berry shrub. This shrub is deserving of more general cultivation and it makes a very large shrub or small tree in a few years.

Each one of these four can be used for hedges and the *Prunus ilicifolia* is particularly choice for such use. Any of these will make hedges more desirable than the common Monterey cypress and not quite so greedy a feeder. The Monterey cypress is a native of California in Monterey County and near to the Coast.

The Monterey pine is from that same locality, and that is why this pine only lives about thirty years about San Diego. Conditions here are too mild and too dry. Monterey County's coast is a very foggy section.

The native Coast redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens* does not do well here because it is too warm and too dry. Mr. Walter Merrill's redwood is a fine exception to the rule, but that plant is less than ten years old. Mrs. Greer's redwood, some fifteen or eighteen years old, has been cut down because apparently dying.

## POLYGONUM AUBERTII

This is one of the desirable climbers for this southland. It is a vigorous grower and begins to bloom about May 1 and so continues for four months.

The flowers are of the purest white, and borne in great profusion. As a cut flower it is unsurpassed when a drapery effect is desired. There is confusion in the mind of most gardeners concerning this species and that of *Polygonum baldschuanicum*, which does not begin to flower until September. It is an even more vigorous grower than the first named, but both of them fit into the scheme of things when unsightly objects are to be eliminated.

P. D. B.

## A VISIT TO THE DUNNING GARDEN

The garden of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dunning on Hyacinth Street, Loma Portal, is by all odds a real inspirational garden for every visitor, for inspirations are sticking out at you on every flower, hanging basket, vine and ornamental grass. A few facts about the growth of this garden may tell you why.

A man successful in his business in the great big central part of the U. S. A., with tools and flour and tires decided he would retire and not try to become the richest of his neighbors. Fortunately, he came to San Diego, locating on Hyacinth Street, so named for the beauty of the flower. Was the street full of wild hyacinths or orchids that bear the same name? Not at all. The land developers had scraped them all away, though Indians saw them beneath their footsteps. There were no houses on the street but the name made one think of beauty. The whole of San Diego's bay and city were in full view to the southeast.

The modest house was built, land graded, paths laid and home for good auto completed. Rather bare looking—so a bird cage was added and filled with singers for cheer. Nursery woman called for advice, a planting plan made, rather modest, which included vines for the pergola outside of kitchen door, a few fruit trees behind the garage, some shrubs next to the vacant lands on the north and east sides.

At the end of about eight months nursery called and told, "I'm tired of these fruit trees, nothing to pick or smell, I want a lath house. I gave the trees to rear neighbors to come over and plan." The new work progressed rapidly, for it was early spring. Tight fence built on north and west to cut off cold winds, laths from eaves of the garage to top of fences, paths made and ferns, begonias, little vines and ornamentals set out, small, thrifty plants that would grow, and yet not every foot planted. To develop slowly is a charm they were told. A month later another call by phone, "Come over, my plants are all O. K. but I want more." So the nursery took these two "tenderfeet" to the A. D. Robinson's fine, big lath house. Result, inspirations! Pocket book emptied of \$110.00 and the little lath house was quite grown up in a day.

Henceforth, very few calls over the phone. Their own inspirations bore fruit early and late, a big water lily pool in the outside garden, some shrubbery and roses planted, a few plants on the street front. Development after development came rapidly and pocketbook's still intact.

They did their own work, felt well and kept busy and happy.

Their lath house and outside garden and bird cages and pools are examples of such beauty and fine arrangement not to be duplicated in any garden of its size in this city.

The work became so absorbing that a business along these lines in seeds, bulbs, birds and fishes developed but entirely separated from the home in the business center of the city, and this genial, able business man is daily inspiring his many customers and neighbors to make their homes likewise beautiful. Hyacinth Street is now quite rightfully entitled to its name.

The place has now the best example of the "Outdoor Living Room" in the city, for the kitchen, hallway door and one other opens into this beautiful spot. The place emphasizes the fact that less money is spent than for a broad lawn, showy and extensive flower beds and trimmed hedges that many new home owners aspire for. Southern California gardens should not attempt to copy the estates of the great United States and English gardens, where more rain and climatic conditions are so very different. (THAT NURSERY WOMAN.)

## GARDEN CONTEST

The Fourth Annual Garden Contest closed with the final of two judgments on August 22nd, 1932, the first having been held May 17, 1932.

The Committee in charge this year consisted of Mrs. J. W. Burnham as Chairman, and of John W. Snyder and Paul V. Tuttle.

Twenty-five gardens were entered in the different classes, and of these but one was considered by the judges as not up to competition. The gardens were about equally divided among the three classes—large, medium and small and competition was very keen.

Besides awarding a first prize and a certificate of general excellence in each class, the Committee recommended awards for outstanding, special garden features as indicated in the following list:

Large garden, first prize, G. W. Marston.  
Large garden, certificate, Mat F. Heller.  
Medium garden, first prize, Frank Strausser.  
Medium garden, certificate, W. J. Ogden.  
Small garden, first prize, E. E. Maher.  
Small garden, certificate, Miss Schwieder.  
Rare and unusual plants, Frank Strausser.  
Best civic garden, Park Manor Apts.  
Best cactus garden, El Prado cactus garden.  
Outstanding lath garden, C. T. Smith.  
Outstanding rose garden, W. J. Ogden.  
Wall treatment, Frank Strausser.



Loose rock wall, A. W. Treadwell.

Outstanding patio, W. B. Kenderdine.

Outstanding formal pool, Julius Wangenheim.

Outstanding water garden, Perry Gavin.

Tree (*araucaria excel.*), Frank Strausser.

Tree (*pinus canariensis*), G. W. Marston.

Outstanding begonias, C. T. Smith.

The three cups originally offered by Mr. Frank Strausser have now been won three times by individuals and have thus become the permanent property of the winners. The Association awarded, in addition to the cups, bronze plaques suitably inscribed, for each winning garden each year. These plaques are eminently suitable for affixing to walls in the gardens and have found great favor among the contestants, and from now on these and the certificates will be the sole awards in the Garden Contest. In this connection it may be said that the Association has gratefully accepted the offer of Mr. G. W. Marston, and the trophy which became his property as the winner of the award in the large garden class for three years, will henceforth grace the rooms of the Association. Mr. Marston may be assured that his kind and considerate action is greatly appreciated.

The unusual season and the lack of excessive heat contributed to keep the gardens in almost spring-like freshness for the final judging. Lawns were invariably fresh and green and the roses were exceptionally good for that time of year.

The Committee desires in closing to thank those who entered the contest and to assure them that in no instance was a visit to a garden anything but a pleasure. The visits were profitable as well, showing how problems in garden development can be solved when imagination and ingenuity are called in to assist the true lover of the garden.

It is recommended that the Committee to conduct the garden contest next year be constituted as soon as possible in order that the field for selection of "best gardens" next year may be as large as possible, with more time for securing entries.

P. V. T.

## A ROMANTIC GARDEN

By William B. Drysdale

One charming Sunday afternoon early in April, 1930, while living in that happy city of San Diego, California, I attended an out-of-door reception given by the owner of a very attractive and unique garden. This delightful spot has been praised by distinguished artists

and world-wide travelers, and by landscape gardeners of national reputation as being the finest example of garden of a class smaller than public or professional.

This garden is situated in the Mission Hills section of San Diego, on the south side of Mission Valley. The grounds cover the side of a canyon, several acres in extent, sloping down to the Valley, the house and patio being on level ground at the top.

The grounds are laid out very unconventionally, walks hiding here and there in an almost bewildering and wholly delightful fashion. On two sides of the level ground, near the house, is a high brick wall, with rose bushes planted on each side, where they flourish and bloom in beauteous and fragrant profusion.

The patio has a fountain and fish pond, with a little, poetic stream leading down the hillside, forming in its meanderings an occasional cool, shining smaller pool—stream and pools bordered with soft green turf, with flowering shrubs, and in shaded, sheltered spots, clumps of ferns growing, with surprising splashes of color, red, yellow and vivid blue, mingling with the green. In the water itself grow beautiful water-lilies—the Egyptian lotus in its varying waxy cream, pink and blue coloring. Frogs and snakes, spouting water, add a picturesque touch.

The owner of the garden is an iris enthusiast and has a large and fine collection, showy and exotic. The whole garden is filled with rare and beautiful plants, shrubbery taking a leading part.

After spending several hours enjoying this wonderful garden, which to me seemed a veritable fairyland, the flaming sky of a setting sun now forming a gorgeous background, I went to the hostess to thank her for the afternoon's enjoyment and to bid her goodbye. While we were chatting, a party came up the path. One of them I noticed in particular, a gentleman of rather striking appearance, dressed in ministerial garb, and evidently a European.

I took my final leave just as the party arrived and made their salutations. When it came the turn of the European, he made a very profound bow, took the lady's hand, raised it slightly and kissed it. This might have struck me as strange, in our matter-of-fact American life, but in that setting, that garden of beauty and inspiration, it appealed to me as a touch romantic. I half expected, as I turned away, to see the minuet being danced on the grass.

# The California Garden

Editor  
Silas B. Osborn  
Associate Editor  
Walter S. Merrill

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## ANENT NATIVES

Repetition is boring! Yet the millions of dollars thrown into radio broadcasts and magazine, newspaper and billboard advertising indicates that the successful propagandist must practice constant repetition. We frankly admit it is our earnest desire to popularize the use of native plants in California gardens. That if the California Garden can be accredited with an editorial policy, this is it. We believe Californians live in a treasure house of native plants and flowers and with the exception of a corporal's guard of genuine horticulturists are blind to the garden possibilities of our flora. The preponderance of evidence indicates that our natives may be worked into the garden scheme far more satisfactorily than can the highly vaunted, exotic rarity. Common sense should tell us that, but many (far too many) amateur and professional gardeners have acquired the

jects. Is farsightedness to become a character-habit of looking far afield for new garden sub-  
stic affliction of the garden minded fraternity  
of California? Many times when we have ad-  
vised the use of natives have we been rewarded  
by only an impatient air of resignation to the  
seemingly impractical advice anticipated. The  
general attitude being that native plants have  
their place but since the garden is only a part  
of the scheme of existence a botanical garden  
belongs in the public parks system, not on the  
home grounds. What a fallacy this is. As a  
matter of fact, even the most common of the  
introduced plants available in abundance in every  
nursery bid fair to turn the garden into a bot-  
anical collection rather than a quiet, restful  
retreat from worries of the moment. Truly  
satisfactory permanent gardens cannot be built  
in a spurt of enthusiasm, but are the result of  
planning, changing, waiting and the elimina-  
tion of undesirable subjects over a period of  
time. Introduced plants generally fade away  
into mediocrity and wane into nothingness in  
a few short months of neglect. What of the  
endemic plants in the garden? Adapted to the  
environment of climate and soil by ages of  
evolution, they bloom forth in their perfection  
perhaps even benefited for a time at least by  
the apparent neglect. We hold that a garden  
develops its fullest beauty and character only  
with age and that to develop old gardens of  
real character and beauty, native trees, shrubs  
and flowering plants are the most practical to  
use, are the most economical to maintain and  
nearly indispensable in establishing, in Califor-  
nia, home gardens of character and permanence.

The matter of permanence has been touched  
on but let us review the usual establishment and  
life of a garden in Southern California. The  
tyro builds or buys a new home. He goes to the  
average nursery to obtain plants to embellish  
the home grounds. He wants a quick effect and  
so instructs the nurseryman who accommodat-  
ingly sells him a fine collection of miscellaneous  
plants introduced from all parts of the world.  
Most of the plants thrive under the zealous  
care of the budding horticulturist, a few do  
not due to an unfavorable environment. Soon  
one is growing in riotous abandon, others need  
constant coddling and attention to maintain  
their very existence. The enthusiasm of the  
gardener wanes as the constant watering, prun-  
ing, fertilizing absorbs so much of his leisure  
time. The stronger growing plants soon take  
possession of the available space and the weaker  
ones give up the ghost; finally the remaining

Patronize the Garden Advertisers



plants become leggy and unsightly and either remain that way, or worse, are unintelligently whacked away to make room to pass, or to let light into the dwelling. The owner finally sells his place and moves away. In which case it generally spells finis for the plants. The new owner being enthusiastic removes them and replaces with others. The same procedure is then gone through again with the new owner. Time brings neglect and depreciation to the average garden composed of introduced plants.

Natives, on the other hand, are generally of slower growth, require little pruning, and a minimum of water and fertilization, acquire their fullest beauty and utility only with age, endure periods of neglect and become with time an increasingly valuable part of the home.

The reasons for the slowness with which they are becoming generally used are threefold. The slowness of their growth greatly deters their use by the tyro. Many are difficult of propagation and consequently must bring a higher price in comparison with their size than many introduced plants. The nurseryman realizing their sale requires considerable more effort for the two above mentioned reasons does not carry a large or complete stock and hence they are not as commonly available as other plants.

The answer is plain. It is a matter of educating the public to their use. Hence this article. Hence the editorial policy of the California Garden. And in this connection we direct your attention to the very splendid article in this issue, "The Wild Flower Sanctuary As a Conservation Measure," by Lester Rowntree, one of the genuine horticulturists in California heretofore referred to. Also the article, "A Californian Trip," by Viscountess Byng of Vimy, taken from the English garden journal, "Gardening Illustrated." The last mentioned indicating to a large degree the appreciation of well informed botanists throughout the world of the beauty and desirability of California's native flora in sharp contrast to the general indifference of Californians.

#### NOTICE OF OCTOBER MEETING

The October meeting of the San Diego Floral Association will be held Tuesday the 18th in the club rooms in Balboa park. The speaker of the evening will be Mr. Fred McNab, well known to all flower lovers as an authority on seasonal planting. We are always glad to have Mr. McNab with us in person because of his charming personality and are all familiar with his fine talks on horticulture over the radio.

#### WASHINGTON TREE PLANTER

There is a phase of Washington's career which is not always mentioned in articles concerning him, but which is a very interesting one. He was an enthusiastic tree planter and collector, and he sent to far-off places for particular varieties of trees that he wished to plant at Mount Vernon. During the years from 1783 to 1785, following the end of the Revolutionary war and preceding his election to the presidency, Washington spent practically all his time improving the large estate at Mount Vernon, laying out his grounds and making his plantings. Still growing at Mount Vernon are 45 trees which were planted by Washington during his lifetime.

Sept. 20, 1932.

Mrs. M. A. Greer, President  
San Diego Floral Association,  
San Diego, California.

Dear Mrs. Greer:

Indeed, we were surprised in receiving the two first prize ribbons for "Outstanding Begonias" and "Lath Garden," particularly in view of the fact that there are so many *attractive* lath gardens throughout San Diego owned by people with many years of practical lath-house experience behind them.

Our garden, to us, is a hobby—one that takes us from indoors—and the care of which has to be done either early in the morning, late of an evening, or on Sundays. If the people of our city could but realize the wonderful results which a few hours of pleasant care will give, and devote a portion of their home grounds to a garden of this nature, not many years hence San Diego would be on the horticultural map in large type, and your good Association would find it extremely difficult in judging for the "best."

Please express to the San Diego Floral Association our sincere thanks for the awards, and also extend to its members our best wishes for a more beautiful San Diego.

Very sincerely yours,  
MR. AND MRS. C. T. SMITH.

Mrs. Mary Ward, Secretary  
San Diego Floral Association

Mrs. Heller joins me in thanking your committee for the award on our garden.

We shall try to improve our place as time goes on. This award encourages us.

Very truly yours,  
MAT F. HELLER.

## A Californian Trip

By VISCOUNTESS BYNG OF VIMY

Having dealt with Messrs. Lester Rowntree and Co., of Carmel Highlands, California, for their native flower seeds, I wrote, when Fate drifted us to Pasadena last spring, to ask if I might visit their nurseries. The reply said they had, at the moment, no regular nursery, but were collecting from the wild, and ended "Yours sincerely, Lester Rowntree. I am a woman." Enclosed was a map of California marked with the best place for seeing wild flowers, and a suggestion that we should meet and discuss the matter. We did, and a week later set forth in Mrs. Rowntree's rather battered Buick sedan at 8 o'clock one gorgeously sunny morning. I often laugh when I think of that car! Chaotic wasn't the word for its contents, even at the start, though this was veiled from the vulgar gaze by a rug. Underneath that rug was a grand medley of things. A flower press, tools, a botanical library of about half-a-dozen volumes, a water canteen, baskets of fruit, paper bags for seeds, my own gardening implements (especially a beloved fork which has now travelled many thousands of miles with me), our meagre luggage, and, pell-mell on top of it all, a thick layer of garments which Mrs. Rowntree had forgotten to pack and had flung in at the last moment. But even in that muddle we generally managed to find what we wanted, perhaps because neither of us being ultra tidy by nature we were endowed with that extra sense of the untidy for knowing just where to delve in a muddle. I confess that there were a few narrow escapes of losing articles—generally the books—temporarily parked on the running-board when we stopped to gather flowers for the press or collect plants that were carefully packed in the piles of newspapers carried in a big black box attached to the rear of the car and reminding me of the mysterious cabinets of my childhood's visits to Maskelyne and Cook. It was a gorgeous disorder, but we didn't care, and were in excellent spirits as we departed from the magnificence of the essentially "range" Huntington Hotel, where the old Irish porter stood grinning from ear to ear at us and the car.

We had made no plans beyond deciding to make southwards to the Mexican border, so no rooms were booked and we had an open mind as to where we should spend any of the nights,

as it depended on how often we paused by the way to collect or admire plants and what routes we followed. Our first stop was involuntary, owing to an inner tube that went west, and as Mrs. Rowntree, banking on the advice of her local garage man, had no spares, we were stationary till assistance came along. That was our only contretemps with the aged Buick in the whole 1,400 miles of the two trips, and I think we were fortunate, since though I would like to praise Mrs. Rowntree as much for her driving as for her intimate knowledge of plants I really cannot, for that botanical interest was at moments a source of palpitations of the heart to me when we were coasting precipices in the mountains, and, forgetting her present occupation, she would spy some specially fine plant on the opposite side to the sheer drop and gaze at it enraptured till I cursed and the flowers in no uncertain tones. A merciful Providence guarded us, and we escaped without tragedy, though she confessed to having hurtled down a precipice once, owing, she said, to a fall of rock round a sharp curve which she did not see till it was too late to pull up without a skid. Why she escaped alive heaven knows, for the car didn't and the Buick was its successor.

Pasadena and its small neighboring towns left behind we began to see flowers in profusion. Hillsides golden, purple, and blue, but there was nothing of outstanding interest till we came on a patch of a Gentian-blue *Nemophila* growing sturdily in one single spot by the roadside. We leapt out of the car to examine it and note the place so that Mrs. Rowntree could harvest the seed in about three weeks' time. Keen collector though she is, she did sigh and say, with a rueful grin, "It's 300 miles from Carmel!" Certainly a long trip for one lot of seeds, and that episode made me realize why such things are expensive in a country where it is practically impossible to get local collectors, for to undertake a 600-mile trip means time, petrol, and considerable wear and tear of a car, and there is the off-chance of missing the crop by a forest fire or by a farmer seeking free hay. Still, it was worth taking the risk for that amazingly-colored plant, and I hope by now the seed is safely harvested in Carmel and finds its way on to the English market. The discovery of that *Nemophila* set



me all agog for fresh treasures, and though we did not see anything so outstanding that day, there were marvellous colour schemes to admire. I especially remember one wide stretch of meadowland aflame with the purple, gold, and crimson of Owl Clover (*Orthocarpus purpurascens*), the white gold of Creamcups (*Platystemon Californicus*), slender masses of the lavender-blue *Brodiaea capitata*, and *Sisyrinchium bellum* in varying shades of purple. The combination set down on paper sounds blatant, but with the blending of the hues by the pale Creamcups and the lush, green grass it was unforgettably lovely. Coasting along the big San Marcos Ranch there was another grouping in the shade of tall trees, consisting of *Nemophila aurita*, "Johnny Jump Up" (*Viola pedunculata*), with its smiling golden face and bronze reverse to the petals, and a patch of *Delphinium decorum*, prim as its name, varying in colour from deep sapphire to soft blue with white dots on the centre of the petals. As a matter of fact, this *Delphinium* was much more plentiful near San Francisco than further south, and round Woodside it had broadcast itself widely over the rolling country in full sunshine. Another startling group that is fixed in my mind consisted of a red-purple Lupin, *Brodiaea capitata* B. *laxa*, Four O'Clock (*Mirabilis Californicus*), and a neat cushion of *Gilia Californica*, all growing together at the foot of a deep canyon. It sounds incredible that red-purple, magenta-pink, blues in variety, and rose-pink should by any stretch of imagination blend harmoniously, but they did, and the effect was wonderful in the full blaze of the afternoon sunshine. As regards *Gilia Californica*, it is, perhaps, one of the loveliest of the smaller flowers, especially when it attains to a 2-foot to 2½-foot bush in its native habitat, though even there it is apt to become woody and untidy, so that one longs to trim it up as one longs to brush up the hair of a lovely but unsoigne woman. Both this *Gilia* and the *Calochortus* that I saw grew best on the edges of the chaparral and not in the scorching sun as we are inclined to place them, and it is evident that they appreciate light shade to their roots and the lure of the sun through that to show them at their best.

That night we slept at Escondido, a small town with one wooden hotel outside the city limits and standing in the centre of an Orange grove whose scent was intoxicating when we reached it at about 8 p. m. That alone would have atoned for more deficiencies than the hotel was guilty of, for it was scrupulously

clean, if primitive, and had the unusual charm of enormous Eucalyptus trees, growing through the verandah floor, not, I should imagine, adding to the safety of the somewhat jerry-built place, for the roots must have undermined the whole house. The main drawback to the Carlotta Hotel was that, when not engaged on any duties, the odd man alternately turned on the noisiest radio I have ever suffered under, even in the States, and, when that bored him, flung himself on a cottage piano which had long ceased to know the tuner's touch, and banged forth the most appalling series of discords, while a party of young school teachers, who boarded regularly at the hotel, played Bridge and shouted the declarations in stentorian tones to make themselves heard above the odd man's din. It was not restful, and certainly a contrast to the sedate Huntingdon at Pasadena.

We left Escondido at 7 next morning and followed secondary "dirt roads" along the foot of the Sierras, gradually climbing another 2,000 feet to Lake Cuyamaca nestling in the mountains, and with such a mass of *Viola pedunculata* that the short Grass was golden with them and bronzed with the *Bæria chrysostoma* just going to seed. The lake was full of wild duck, chiefly blue bills, and their fluffy babies scuttling about like bumble bees on the blue water, and the whole scene so lovely that we loitered quite a little time there and in the surrounding woods before pushing onwards into a paradise of mountain country, where huge spikes of *Yucca Whipplei* towered up, well deserving the name of "Our Lord's Candle" by their grandeur. The vandals that haunt all countries had begun to tear these gorgeous plants to pieces so badly that the State of California has now decreed a fine of 50 dollars for every spike cut, and so, thank goodness, have ensured the safety of one of the most splendid of their wild flowers, for I think few sights impressed me more than these rather bare hillsides lit by the towering white flames of Our Lord's Candles just coming into full bloom. Gradually we dropped from the high ground southwards, with the promise of seeing two "worth while" plants, *Astragalus coccineus* and *Lathyrus splendens*. As regards the first named, even the botanical books of California say it is "as rare as it is beautiful," and they are right, for we only found one place—a hot sandy gully on the edge of the desert—where these wonderful mats of downy grey foliage with their dazzling scarlet blooms were to be seen growing in pure sand in company with a few sparse Junipers and the inevitable

refuse heap of rusty tins of canned food flung aside by roadmen at every camping place. These hideous reminders of man's progress through a great country are, unfortunately, universal in America and Canada, where tidiness is not yet among their many virtues, so that most beauty spots are defaced with those awful piles of derelict tins which nothing hides and nothing destroys, alas! But even with such an environment *Astragalus coccineus* was a thing to dream of, and I fondly hoped to introduce it into England, but an officious official of the P. O. or Customs shattered that dream, though I had gone to the expense of airmailing the few plants we collected, and had put my Ministry of Agriculture License label on it. This bright spark, however, turned the whole box upside down and delayed its delivery by 10 days! ! ! I should have thought even the official mind would have realized that only something very special would have been airmailed at a cost of 12 dollars! But who can plumb the depths of the official mind? Not I, certainly. I can only curse it from the very bottom of my heart.

Secondly, there was *Lathyrus splendens*. For years one has known a plant of that name on the English market, but that is a very different thing to the real article. The one usually seen at home is a rather muddy pink. The real plant is a flamboyant crimson with enormous floppy blooms that flaunt themselves on long stems reaching to 10 feet or 12 feet through bushes of *Adenostemma fasciculatum* that were just breaking into a foaming mass of creamy flowers. It is amazing how two plants so totally unlike should masquerade under the same name. —(Gardening Illustrated.)

### FUCHSIAS

By Bertha M. Thomas

After several years as a fuchsia enthusiast I firmly stand for them as an all-year-bloomer, although like all plants and animals (everything living in fact) they have their ups and downs, their times of greatest bloom. Then occasionally one may find some individuals without a single flower expanded, but usually, even then, some buds will be coming. At this date, Sept. 1, I count forty-nine varieties in good bloom, not such large size blooms as before the hot, dry air surrounds them, but the colors seem deeper, richer shades.

Those I have protected from sun are not afflicted with red spider or thrip, while those planted on east side of house have developed their full share during the last few weeks. Even

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those on north side of house have a fairly full number of thrip, but we admit they received late afternoon sun all last month and its attendant dry air.

*Lycioedes* is one grand exception to all known rules. It glories in full, hot sun and grows a beautiful symmetrical shrub eight to ten feet high and covered with its small, dainty blooms only about one-half inch long.

The *Triphylla* type also seem to like about an equal amount of sun and shade. This class seems to really not come up to full standard in full shade.

But all the blues require a north planting, no direct sun or the deep blue color fades perceptibly. And remember all fuchsias require feeding, perhaps some animal fertilizer or much, and *Floranid*, but the latter strictly according to directions. By doubling the strength I nearly lost some specimen plants in pots.

### OCTOBER GARDEN VISIT

Mr. and Mrs. George Marston, 3525 Seventh Street, have invited the members of the Floral Association and their friends to visit their beautiful garden, which won the final award for the best large garden in San Diego, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 11th, from 2 to 5.

## Garden Notes

By BERTHA M. THOMAS

If you wish a very satisfactory vine, try the old friend, *Cobea Scandens*, which some enthusiastic catalogues say will grow forty feet in a season and it really will do one-half that with no care at all, except an occasional drink. Its rich purple hanging bells are very lasting. It seems to have no insect enemies, the leaves are beautiful and it is perennial in California. But if you wish a novelty equally good, try the variety *Alba*. The flowers have a greenish tinge in the white, which enhances its beauty.

The large seed pods of both varieties are quite striking, and very abundant. The tendrils are so strong they can scarcely be pulled from their hold, and to sum it up, the *Cobea* has many virtues while its worst fault is that it grows too rampant.

The new "cure" for snails and slugs, called iron oxide, is promised also to brighten colors of blossoms. We asked the selling agent if it would perform according to schedule if used in the soil in which water lilies were planted. He unhesitatingly admitted he did not know and I proceeded to experiment. Mrs. Whittaker is a beautiful light blue on its opening day but fades quite perceptibly the second and third day. Then on the fourth day it is almost white with a very faint pink blush which is increased a tiny bit the fifth day, then its career is ended. I planted a good specimen in soil heavily mixed with the oxide and in about two weeks the blooms came somewhat a deeper blue. The fading was so slight as to be almost imperceptible and the pink tinge does not show until the fifth day and even then is scarcely noticeable. We feel it was a very successful experiment and well worth while on any delicately colored blooming plant.

We often hear that nearly all the new discoveries are accidental. Here is one which will never reach any annal of history but perhaps it will help you to cure some valuable pet fish in your water garden of that prevalent *Ichthiophtherius*. I had purchased a large, fine specimen, a fantail, which was placed in isolation and soon showed the usual signs. After trying several accepted ways and means with no results except to again find more of the white spots on my patient, I at last took a glass tumbler filled with water to which I had added one drop of mercurochrome and slipped the fish in tail first. Being a large specimen, his

body was all submerged except the head which was just as I wished. In only a few seconds those little white pinhead spots dropped to the bottom of the glass. I repeated this four successive days to catch the remaining eggs, and each morning the harvest was more scant, until finally he was cured completely. Of course, the patient was placed in fresh, sterilized container after each treatment.

### REPORT OF SEPTEMBER MEETING

The meeting of the San Diego Floral Association, Sept. 20th, was a genuine pleasure to the large number present. Miss Alice Rainford, well known local florist, gave a talk on and a demonstration of the art of creating corsages. Corsages for sports wear, afternoon and evening were constructed before one's eyes. They were fashioned of sweetpeas, rosebuds, dahlias strung in leis, violas used in graceful drapes, cunning arm bands of dainty sweetpeas, gardenias, always favorites, in many combinations and attractive shoulder corsages of a button dahlia surrounded by petals of gladiolus. After decorating each lady in the audience with corsages to match their gown, Miss Rainford presented the gentlemen with packages of a new bush sweetpea seed that she discovered at the Zvolanek seed gardens in Lompoc, where she was a recent visitor. She told of her visit at length and gave many good hints on the planting of winter sweetpeas. The bush variety does not require stakes or frames to climb on and the seed is simply sowed broadcast. Miss Kate Sessions had some interesting specimens of shrubs which she described in her usual inspiring manner. A vine which is quite common in San Diego gardens but which the writer had

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not been able to have identified was discovered to be called the "cruel vine" by Miss Sessions. It has a shiny, attractive foliage, waxy white flowers and a large seedpod filled with silky cotton-like seeds. It gets its name because of the fact that moths become hung in the peculiarly constructed heart of the flowers and are killed. Mrs. Mary A. Greer, president, gave a report of the Annual Fall Flower Show and announced the next meeting to be held Tuesday, October 18th.

## OCTOBER WEATHER IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Dean Blake, Weather Bureau

Usually there is a marked change in weather conditions in the county in October. In the littoral, the overcast, foggy weather of the night and morning hours, so prevalent from April to September, becomes less frequent, and the sky frequently clear the entire 24 hours. In the interior, there is a slight increase in cloudiness, with the advent of rain storms to the north, and a marked drop in temperature both day and night.

Records in the city show that the average highest temperature is about 70 degrees, and the average lowest 57 degrees, making a daily range of 13 degrees. Dynamically heated land breezes may be expected for a day or two, and, during their prevalence, temperatures occasionally soar above 90 degrees. However, the relative humidity during these visitations is always very low, and they are not attended by any great discomfort.

October rains are in the nature of showers, although the greatest 24-hour amount recorded in San Diego city, 3.24 inches, occurred in 1925. In spite of this outstanding storm, heavy precipitation is infrequent, and the average number of days with measurable rain is only 3. Further, there is great variability in the monthly totals from year to year.

Sunshine is plentiful; strong winds are unknown; frosts occur only in the mountains; and many clear, bracing days of excellent visibility may be relied upon. With November, October offers the best opportunity for outdoor activities.

## THE BOOK OF BULBS

The amateur bulb grower is in constant need of a book which he can seize upon to find with dispatch the descriptions, values and chief cultural requisites of the more familiar bulbs. F. F. Rockell has given us this book (*The Book of Bulbs*; Macmillan Co. \$2.00). Much of the

bulb knowledge contained in this volume has appeared in other form and most of it is distinctly for the amateur. The experimenting gardener who is on the scent of new material will not find here much to excite him.

The many photographs are good and the little drawings by the author and George Holbrook are especially helpful.

The subject matter is so arranged that needed information can be quickly found. There is a chapter on bulb forcing for the easterners. Tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, gladioli and lilies each receive due consideration and ample cultural directions are given.

When the up and coming California gardener sees the word "bulbs" he jumps at the possibility that the word will mean something beside the regular run of the better known species. He hopes for enlightenment on the more unusual South Africans, for choice hybridized forms of this or that from the hands of the plant wizards, for wee rock-garden narcissus and exciting dwarf iris, although these iris are not bulbs. If that is what bulbs mean to you, you must look further than this book. But it is a grand volume for the layman to have upon his reference shelf.

If this review were a criticism, easy targets could be found (*Ornithogalum nutans*, for instance, is not yellow).

But despite mistakes or shortcomings, the "Book of Bulbs" deserves a place in the library of our gardens.

LESTER ROWNTREE,  
Carmel, California.

## Manettia Bicolor

This pretty little vine is as temperamental as any Movie Star who ever lived. I've always grown it in the open and at times it would climb to a height of several feet. The one I now write about is two years old and not yet a foot high. The flowers are tubular, orange red, with a golden colored tip; gorgeously beautiful. It is my pet in a garden I visit weekly, and as I bend down to caress its weak little body, it seems to say "Dear Gardener, I appreciate your kindly thoughts of me, and the desire of your heart that I should grow tall and vigorous, like *Thunbergia grandiflora*, my next neighbor, but I can't do it, in the place you have me planted. The roots of trees and shrubs come to my table and rob me of food, and moisture, and last year I became ill from a fungus disease which came near killing me, and you were not able to help. It made my heart ache to see in distress, because of my illness. Transplant me carefully to another locality in partial shade, and with my diet, mix tobacco dust and some flour of sulphur, and we shall see what will happen. My desire is to please you."

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